

The True Poet.

By JANE E. LOCKE.

Poet of the heart,  
Dealing in its mine,  
From mankind apart,  
Yet where jewels shine,  
Heaving upward to the light,  
Precious wealth that charms the night;

Till thou stilt, deep down,  
For earth's hidden gems,  
They shall deck a crown,  
Blaze in diadems,  
And when thy hand shall fall to rest,  
Brightly jewel beauty's breast.

Wipe the heavy sweat  
From thy lip and brow,  
Where those jewels are set,  
Proudly known to thee,  
While thou art breathing noxious air,  
They are sparkling everywhere.

Sparkling at the feast—  
Decking holiest things—  
Breadplate of high priest,  
Tara of king,  
Who shall deem thee poor and low,  
While thou earth's diamond bed canst show?

Who shall turn in scorn,  
Though thy food be mean?  
'Neath thy garments worn  
Angels are seen!  
Sit'th down to dine and sup,  
Where these mine gems do sleep!

Dig—in darkness—damp,  
Where the vein doth run;  
Let the cavern tramp,  
Feeling not the sun;  
As thy bleeding palm hath prest,  
Cometh forth a jewel blest.

Bring them, bring them up,  
With thy life-vein free!  
Guard to thy hope,  
'Tis the secret key,  
Gems the humblest heart shall wear,  
And the loftiest presence bear!

Pearls in ocean's breast—  
Issues of thy wounds—  
Perfect and best,  
Where the diver sounds,  
Deepest anguish, bitterest throes!

Gather, gather on,  
As the lamp doth burn;  
Proudest, loftiest crown,  
For thy toil shall win;  
And when thou thy work hast done,  
Earth shall give thy presence gone!

Warranted, 1849.

Naturalists have asserted that pearls are the concreted  
secretions of wounds received by the oysters in whose  
shells they are deposited.

The Pearl given up the Ghost.

"A long calm in the boat, and now, God  
help us, another in the brigantine. It was  
airless and profound.

"In that hot calm, we lay fixed and frozen  
in, like Parry at the Pole. The sun  
played upon the glassy sea like the sun  
upon the glaciers.

"At the end of two days we lifted up our  
eyes and beheld a low, creeping, bungy  
cloud expanding like an army, wing and  
wing, across the immense horizon. Instantly  
Jarl bade me take heed.

"Here he said, that though for weeks  
and weeks reign over the equatorial latitudes  
of the Pacific, the mildest and sunniest  
of days; that nevertheless, when storms  
do come, they come in their strength;  
spending in a few, brief blasts their concentrated  
rage. They come like the Mamelukes:  
they charge, and away.

"It wanted full an hour to sunset; but the  
sun was well nigh obscured. It seemed  
tolling among bleak steepy crags in the  
hazy background. Above the storm-cloud  
flitted ominous patches of red, rapidly  
advancing and receding. Attainable  
skirmishes, thrown forward in the van of his  
Huns. Beneath, a fitful shadow slid along the  
surface. As we gazed, the cloud came near-  
er, accelerating its approach.

"With all haste we proceeded to furl the  
sails, which, owing to the calm, had been  
hanging loose in the brails. And by  
help of a spare boom, used on the forecastle-  
deck as a sweep or great oar, we en-  
deavored to cast the brigantine's head to-  
wards the foe.

"The storm seemed about to overtake us;  
but we felt no breeze. The noiseless cloud  
stole on; its advancing shadow lowering  
over a distinct and prominent white crest  
upon the surface of the ocean. But now  
this line of surging foam came rolling  
down upon us like a white charge of cav-  
alry: mad Hoptur and plumed Murat at its  
head; pouring forth forward in a contin-  
uous frothy cascade, which curled over  
and fell upon the glassy sea before it.

"Still, no breath of air. But of a sud-  
den, like a blow from a man's hand, and  
before our canvas could be secured, the  
stunned craft, giving one lurch to port, was  
stricken down on her beam-ends; the roar-  
ing tide dashed high up against her wind-  
ward side, and drops of brine fell upon the  
deck, heavy as drops of gore.

"It was all a din and a mist; a crashing  
of spars and of ropes; a horrible blending  
of sights and of sounds; as for an instant  
we seemed in the hot heart of the gale, our  
courage, like harp-strings, shrieking above  
the fury of the blast. The masts rose, and  
swayed, and dipped their trucks in the sea.  
And like unto some stricken buffalo  
brought low to the plain, the brigantine's  
black hull, shaggy with sea-weed, lay pant-  
ing on its flank in the foam.

"Frantically we clung to the uppermost  
bulwarks. And now, loud above the roar  
of the sea, was suddenly heard a sharp,  
splintering sound, as of a Norway wood  
man felling a pine in the forest. It was  
brave Jarl, who foremost of all had snatched  
from its rack against the main mast the  
axe, and yards were kept.

"Cut the lanyards to windward!" he cried;  
and again buried his axe into the mast. He  
was quickly obeyed. And upon cutting the  
third lanyard of the five, he shouted for  
us to pause. Dropping his axe, he climbed  
up to windward. As he clutched the rail,  
the wounded mast snapped in twain with a  
report like a cannon. A slight smoke was  
perceptible where it broke. The remain-  
ing lanyards parted. From the violent  
strain upon them, the two shrouds flew mad-  
ly into the air, and one of the great blocks  
at their ends, striking Annato upon the  
forehead, she let her hold upon a stan-  
chion, and sliding across the deck, she  
was swallowed up in the whirlpool under  
our lee. Samoe shrieked. But there was  
no time to mourn; no hand could reach to  
save.

"By the connecting stays, the mainmast  
carried over with it the foremast; when  
we instantly retired, and for the time were  
saved; my own royal Viking our saviour.

"The first fury of the gale was gone—  
but far to leeward was seen the even, white  
line of its onset, paving the ocean into  
foam. All round us, the sea boiled like  
ten thousand caldrons; and through eddy,  
wave, and surge, our almost water-logged  
craft waded heavily, every deep dash ring-  
ing hollow against her hull, like blows  
upon a coffin.

"We floated a wreck. With every pitch  
we lifted our dangle jib-boom into the air,  
and heaving against the side, were the  
shattered fragments of the masts. From

these we made all haste to be free, by cut-  
ting the rigging that held them.

"Soon, the worst of the gale was blown  
over. But the sea ran high. Yet the rack  
and scud of the tempest, its mad, tearing  
foam, was subdued into immense, long,  
extended, and long rolling billows; the  
white cream on their crests like snow on  
the Andes. Ever and anon was lunged  
upon their brows; when the furrowed ocean  
all round looked like a panorama from  
Chimborazo.

"A few hours more, and the surges went  
down. There was a moderate sea, a steady  
breeze, and a clear, starry sky.

"Such was the storm that came after our  
calm.—Mardi—The Author of Typee.

Home, Sweet Home.

I am anxious to say a few words about  
Home. The song tells us 'there is no place  
like it.' And the song is right. But how  
few homes there are in the world! Or how  
many 'homes' which are no homes! It is  
enough to make a person sick to think of  
it. Not one home in ten is deserving of the  
name. And what wonder! Look at it.

A young man meets a pretty face in the  
ball room, falls in love with it, courts it,  
'marries it,' goes to housekeeping with it,  
and boasts of having a home to go to and  
a wife. The chances are nine to ten he  
has neither. Her pretty face gets to be an  
old story—or becomes faded or freckled, or  
fretted—and as that face was all he wanted,  
all he 'paid attention to,' all he set up  
with, all he bargained for, all he swore to  
'love, honor, and protect,'—he gets sick of  
his trade; knows a dozen faces which he  
likes better; gives up staying at home eve-  
nings; consoles himself with cigars, oys-  
ters, whiskey punch and politics, and looks  
upon his 'home' as a very indifferent board-  
ing-house. A family of children grow up  
about him; but neither he nor his 'face'  
knows anything about training them; they  
come up helter-skelter—made toys of  
when babies, dolls when boys and girls,  
drudges when young men and women; and  
so passes year after year, and not one quiet,  
happy, hearty, homely hour is known  
throughout the whole household.

Another young man becomes enamored of  
a 'fortune.' He waits upon it to parties,  
dances the polka with it, exchanges *billet  
doux* with it, plops the question to it, gets  
'yes' from it, it is published to it, takes it to  
the parson's, weds it, calls it 'wife,' carries  
it home, sets up an establishment with it,  
introduces it to his friends, and says, (poor  
devil,) that he too is married, and has got a  
home. It is a lie. He is not married, he  
has no home. And he soon finds it out.—  
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